

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 29.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1808.

NO. 1019

THE DUEL.

Favelle, an amiable young man, went from Montauban to Paris, to apply himself to the study of the physical sciences, especially anatomy, to which he was extremely partial. In that city he lived a regular life, was very assiduous, and gained the esteem of the most celebrated naturalists. A letter of recommendation procured him access to the family of Madame de Vineuil. The kindness with which that lady received him, and his love of society caused him to cultivate very diligently the intercourse with this respectable family.

Madame de Vineuil was a widow of forty-eight; she had two daughters, one of whom was twenty, and the other eight years of age. Their fortune was inconsiderable, and all the mother's hopes of provision for her daughters centered in an only son, who had been placed in a commercial house at Nantes, and had expectations of being soon admitted to a partnership in it. The young man's flattering prospects, which his good conduct, industry, and talents amply merited, tended to remove, in a great measure, the anxiety of the mother. Her way of life was simple and tranquil. The young Favelle became the bosom friend of this good family; he received a general invitation to their table, and frequently walked out with the two sisters in the Tuilleries; the mother considered him as her son who supplied the place of her absent child.

Favelle had, contrary to custom, been several days without visiting Madame de Vineuil, and went one morning with some young men of his acquaintance to the theatre, to see a new play. The public was divided in opinion on the subject; some thought the piece an execrable production, while others were as loud in its praise. Here they hissed and there they clapped applause. The hisses cried that the clappers were paid; and the latter complained that a cabal was formed against the author. Favelle was against the play. A young man called out to him,—"Silence, silence! I beg you would be quiet." The noise grew louder; high words passed on both sides, and the actors were almost compelled to drop the curtain.

When the play was over, the contending parties renewed the dispute in the lobby.—Favelle's companions instigated him to resent the supposed affront, while others were using the same persuasions with his opponent. At last, after a long altercation the latter declared that he was ready to fight. Favelle was the most moderate. With more temper than a hundred others would have shewn in his place he turned to his antagonist and said to him:—"If we fight it will be of no advantage to any body. You assert that I have insulted you; it is possible that an unguarded word may have escaped me; but we were both in a passion, and both, at least, equally in fault."—"Ha! he retracts his words, he preaches, he is afraid," resounded from all sides. "No, gentlemen," said Favelle, "I am not afraid; and as little as I deem it a disgrace to be found at this, so little do I tremble at the thought of

death. Now, gentlemen, we must fight!"—"Bravo!" cried the by-standers. "To-morrow then, at eight o'clock."

The seconds agreed that the two combatants should meet at a coffee-house in the *Champs Elysees*, and that they should fight with pistols. Favelle arrived first at the appointed place, firmly resolved not to fight. "Shall I," thought he, "for a mere trifle, in order to escape the ridicule of a few coxcombs, run the risk of being killed myself, or of murdering one who appears to be a well-bred man?" This resolution was visible in his countenance, when the seconds (not two as had been agreed upon, but ten,) arrived. He attempted to speak; they whispered each other, and even said loud enough to be heard:—"He will not fight." This roused his resentment. He seized the pistol; the ground was measured, and they fired! Favelle remained unhurt, but his antagonist reeled aside, and fell dead, without uttering a word! the ball had pierced his heart!

With a loud shriek, Favelle threw away his pistol; and, notwithstanding the gentleness of his disposition, he bestowed the most vehement execrations on all the by-standers. The latter had some difficulty to prevail upon him to depart, promising not to leave his antagonist, but to try every possible means for his recovery. At length he quitted the fatal spot and proceeded to the *Bois de Boulogne*; guilt and murder seemed to be stamped upon his features.

Here he met his landlord, M. Durand. The honest man had heard of the intended meeting. "God be thanked that I have met you, I may perhaps prevent an accident," said he.

"Who speaks to me?"

"Your friend, who wishes to advise you for your good. Young man, listen to reason; would you fight for such a trifle? can a person of such a gentle, generous disposition as you be guilty of such a folly? Perhaps I may prevent a great misfortune."

"Do you think you can?"

"Perhaps I can; be not carried away by a false point of honour, and risk not your life so wantonly."

"My life? by no means."

"Well, supposing you to be more dexterous and more fortunate than your antagonist, supposing he falls, would you, who deem it a happiness to save the life of a man, would you wish to kill him? would not your soul be forever burdened with the guilt of murder?"

"O God! yes."

"Well then, do not fight. Rather say to your opponent, I acknowledge that I was in the wrong."

"It is too late!"

"Not yet—your antagonist—"

"Is dead—I have killed him!"

With these words, the young man sunk senseless on the ground.

With difficulty Durand brought him again to himself; and after he had at length administered some consolation, he gave him to understand that it was necessary to employ precaution to avoid the consequences of this ven-

counter. It was agreed that Durand should go back alone; and that, when it began to be dark, Favelle should repair to Paris, to the house of Madame de Vineuil, and keep himself concealed, till his landlord should send him word that he might return without danger to his own lodgings.

Accordingly he wandered till late in the evening, in the most unfrequented part of the *Bois de Boulogne*, but solitude afforded no alleviation of his sorrows. Ten times was he tempted to throw himself into the Seine; and when at night, with faltering step, he proceeded towards the city, how he dreaded the observation of every person he passed! He shuddered at every watch-house, and was fearful of discovering in every person he met, one of the officious friends who had taken so much pains to make him a murderer. At length he reached the habitation of Madame de Vineuil, uncertain what to say to her, and whether he ought to relate to her his melancholy adventure or not.

He was admitted. The elder sister, in tears, came to meet him, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. Favelle, my brother, my unfortunate brother, is killed!"

The reader may conceive the painful sentiments which harrowed the soul of this unhappy youth. A cold perspiration bedewed his brow; he started back, and would have left the house; but instead of that, unconscious of what he did, he went into the next room. As the door opened, he beheld the corpse of his opponent extended on a sofa.—The weeping mother embraced the knees of her murdered child; the younger sister in speechless sorrow, contemplated in silence the pallid face of her beloved brother.

Favelle, as if thunderstruck, attempted to retire, but was detained by the mother and daughter. "Alas! my brother! my son!" resounded in his ears. "Killed, too, for a mere trifle, for a word! He did not wish to fight; he wanted to make up the quarrel. He was urged on, ridiculed, and pains were taken to inflame his resentment."

"He was your friend, though he did not know you," added the sister. "How he rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing you!"

His senses almost forsook the unhappy duelist. His features, distorted by anguish and despair, evinced the agony which tortured his soul. The fearful confession trembled upon his lips; but when he opened them for utterance, it was transformed into an inarticulate cry of horror. At this sight, gloomy suspicions seized the mother and the sisters;—with a voice which did not seem like that of a human being, he at length exclaimed:—"I am his murderer!" He departed, and the weeping females again sunk down upon the corpse of the beloved youth.

He had arrived at Paris the evening before to surprise his family with the joyful intelligence, that the house, whose concerns he had hitherto conducted, had given him a share in the business, and that he was now in a condition to provide for his sisters. The joy of the whole family was so great, that they long-

ed to see Favelle, to communicate to him this we come information. The young Vineuil testified an extraordinary desire to become acquainted with the friend of his house and had sought him in vain on the very morning of the unfortunate duel. Had he met with him, it is easy to conceive that the issue of this affair would have been extremely different.

GAMING.

The infatuation of gaming was never more glaringly exemplified than in a Mr. Porter, who in the reign of queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, and who in the reign of queen Anne, lost one of the best estates in that county.

The last night of his career, when he had just perished the wicked work and was stepping down stairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of a well known house, he suddenly went back into the room where his friends were assembled, and insisted, that the person he had been playing with, should give him one chance of recovery or fight with him; his rational proposition was this—that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money in his pocket, his town house, plate and furniture, should be valued in a lump, at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast—no persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose—he threw, and conducting the winner to the door, told his coachman that was his master, and heroically marched forth, without house, home, or any creditable source of support.

He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as a substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as hither at a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessities.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel, with the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house and increased them to fifty—he then adjourned to Whites, sat down with his former associates, and won Twenty Thousand pounds. Returning the next night he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died a ragged beggar at a penny lodging house in St. Giles.

Had he fractured his leg on quitting the gaming house with 20 000/ or been doomed by a letter de cachet, to straw, bread and water, and a shaved head for six months in a dark room, it might have brought him to his senses, and have prevented so ignominious a relapse.

THE GRATEFUL GUEST.

The late Joseph Younger, who was prompter to Covent Garden theatre, during the management of Mr. Coleman, one day met old Lewis, who formerly played at Cheltenham, before their majesties, and seeing he was apparently in great distress, took him home with him, gave him some clothes and kept him to dinner. After the cloth was removed, and the bottle in circulation, Younger observed that Lewis was rather melancholy; upon which his grateful guest observed as follows, 'I was just reflecting what a hard case it is that a man of talents like myself should be about half naked and half starved, whilst such a d—d stupid rascal as you are, live in luxury, and have it in your power to give me clothes and provisions.

A Printer of a village gazette presented a bill to a delinquent subscriber, and finding the payment evaded, commenced a suit against his patron, who being served with a summons, exclaimed 'The d—d rascal sue me, me who subscribed to his paper eight years ago or purpose to encourage him! I'll be revenged on the rascal, I'll not take his paper any longer.

ELLEN—AN ELEGY.

DEAF thunder in peals roll'd in dreadful succession,
Blue sulphurous lightning illum'd the sky,
When Ellen, the victim of sad indiscretion,
Fled swift over the heath, for no cover was nigh.

Foraking the arms of her titled seducer,
She hasten'd, yet dreaded her parents to meet;
No danger could tempt, no persuasion induce her
To rest, till forgiveness she'd begg'd at their feet.

Alas! hapless Ellen! too late's the endeavour!
Too long you've neglected their pardon to crave,
Heart broke by your flight, you have lost them for ever!

Their sorrows are hush'd in the cold darksome grave!

But who to thine ear shall unfold the sad tidings?
What tongue will but falter the tale to impart?
Ah! how wilt thou bear the rude scorn and the
chidings [heart?] Of those who can't feel for thy deep wounded

May the power you've offended accept your contrition,
And strengthen the virtue which dawns in your breast,
May his goodness relieve your unhappy condition,
And soon in the tomb may your woes be at rest!

As despairing she wander'd, alone, unprotected,
How throbb'd her sad heart as she drew near
their door!

At that instant a flash, by Heaven's mercy directed,
To earth struck her down, and she never rose more!

WE NEVER MORE WILL PART.

I lov'd thee once, my Fanny dear,
For once you were both young and fair,
And gaily beat thy tender heart;
With thee I stray'd the meads along,
O'er-flowers of spring by morning song,
And then, how hard it was to part.

I love thee still my Fanny dear,
Though not so young thou still art fair,
And faithful beats thy anxious heart;
Through summer's noon with thee I stray,
'Over the hills and far away,'
And still, how hard it is to part.

I'll ever love thee, Fanny dear,
When thou'lt be neither young nor fair,
And faint will beat thy fluttering heart;
When winter's dreary night brings death,
In sighs I'll catch thy parting breath,
Ah, then, how hard 'twill be to part.

But after all, my Fanny dear,
Thou'lt bloom for ever young and fair,
And love shall fill thy angel heart,
Now wafed to yon happy sky,
In quest of thine my soul shall fly,
And then, we never more will part.

WHAT IS LOVE.

'What is love?' 'Tis pleasure, pain,
One time 'tis loss, another gain.
It breeds the soft impassion'd sigh,
And bids the tear suffice the eye;
Yet oft a smile it makes us prove,
This, youthful poets, this is love.

It bids us oft avert the eye,
When her we hold most dear is nigh,
It makes the eloquent grow mute,
Who vain would pay a lover's suit.
Yet bids the tongue of silence move,
All these are surest signs of love.

It makes stern valor crutch its slave,
Degrades the proud, unmoves the brave;
E'en the bright seasons seem to change
Beneath love's soft and fostering range,
And winter, as we gaily rove,
Changes to summer, touch'd by love.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

A young lady who had never left the peaceful retirement of the country for noisy cities, and whose features beamed with innocence and piety, perceived her face in a mirror at the moment when she had finished her prayer, and was rising to seek her peaceful couch; struck with her own image, she cast down her eyes, whilst a modest blush overspread her cheeks. She spent a winter in town, surrounded with admirers, and carried away by the stream of public amusements, she forgot to perform her usual devotions. At the dawn of spring she returned to the country, repaired to her room, and perceiving her prayer book on the table, glanced her eye at the mirror, and shunning from her own features, sunk instantly upon her knees. Gracious Heaven, she exclaimed, I can no longer know myself, I am so altered! my face bears the impression of my foolish vanity. How is it that I did not remark it sooner! In the midst of peace and retirement, in the sweet exercise of piety and benevolence, I will try to resume my wonted looks.

The following anecdote is taken from *Les Flegmes des Savans*.—A foreigner, whose name was Kubisse, was so struck with a portrait whilst passing through Mr. Delanges' apartments, that he remained stationary before it, and forgot to follow us. A quarter of an hour had elapsed when we perceived his absence, we hastened back after him, and found him still contemplating the same picture. What is your opinion of this portrait, enquired Mr. Delanges, is it not that of a very handsome woman? Yes, answered Mr. Kubisse, but if it be a likeness, the original must be an atrocious wretch. It was an exact likeness of La Brinvilliers, celebrated for poisoning, and as well known on account of her beauty as her crimes, which led her to the scaffold.

A friend of Count T. who lives at W. visited him one morning with a face which he attempted to enliven by a smile. After having transacted the business which caused this visit, he was about to withdraw, when the Count refused to let him go. It is very strange you would wish to keep me here, exclaimed his friend, I tell you I must go. 'You shall not leave my room,' the Count replied, and at the same time locked the door. 'What, for Heaven's sake, can you mean by this?' I read in your features that you intend to commit a bad action. Why, I, what do you think me capable of—'You are going to commit a murder, or else I am blind.' The visitor grew pale, owned the truth, and gave the Count a loaded pistol he had in his pocket, unfolding at the same time the reasons which would have led him to suicide. The Count generously relieved his friend from the painful situation in which he was placed.

I will give my life that yonder man is a rascal, exclaimed Titus, pointing to the priest Tacitus. I saw him weeping and sobbing three times when nothing could cause a tear to flow, and turning his face away to hide a smile when vices or calamities were mentioned.

How much do you think my face is worth? asked a stranger, of a physiognomist. The answer was, that the moral value of a face could not easily be reduced into money. It is worth two hundred pounds, the other replied, for that sum has been lent me upon it.

A virtuous parent, whilst taking leave of his son on the eve of his departure for a distant land, exclaimed—All I ask of you, my son, is to bring back with you the same set and expression of features.

MAXIM—Learning is for the studious, riches for the careful, power for the bold, and heaven for the virtuous.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 27, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 41 persons (of whom 6 were men, 11 women, 8 boys and 16 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of casualty 1, childbed 1, consumption 3, convulsions 3, decay 2, dysentery 1, nervous fever 1, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 10, inflammation of the bowels 1, influenza 1, insanity 1, rupture 1, scrofula 1, small pox 1, sprue 1, teething 1, whooping cough 4, and 1 of worms.

Destructive Fire!—On Wednesday night, about half past 12 o'clock, a fire broke out in the wooden building No. 19 Nassau-street, occupied by Mr. Edward Watkeys as a Soap and Candle Factory, which raged with uncommon violence; but by the spirited exertions of the Firemen and citizens who attended, it was got under, not however, until the following buildings were consumed—Mr Watkeys's house and factory; the brick school house, belonging to the Dutch Presbyterian Church; a school-house lately occupied by G. Baron, teacher of Mathematics, &c; the livery stables belonging to Mr Hill, and several other back buildings. The roof of the City Library was several times on fire, but was fortunately extinguished.

It is with great commiseration we mention that the wife and daughter of Mr. Watkeys, with a black female domestic and her two children, were burnt to death—The remains of four of the bodies were found on Thursday, the other one is still among the ruins.

A more melancholy spectacle has not been witnessed in this city for many years. So rapid did the flames spread over the building in which they originated, that no human efforts could possibly have saved the lives of the sufferers. The room in which Mr. Watkeys slept, was on fire when he was roused by the screams of his wife. Instantly springing forward through the flames, and bidding her to follow, he alone escaped the devouring element—They who witnessed the screams of the victims and the outcries of the frantic survivor, indeed felt, but language would fail to describe, the awful and distressing scene.

Evening Post

Newsman, August 17.

Fire—About one o'clock this morning, the large store of Captain Daniel Smith, about two miles above this village, was discovered to be on fire. The store with all its contents, consisting of merchandize of every description, was consumed; the fire then communicated to his valuable and elegant dwelling house, which was also consumed, with a part of the furniture. The loss of property by this melancholy catastrophe, is estimated at from 15 to 20 000 dollars. There can be no doubt but the fire was occasioned by some villainous incendiary; no one has as yet been discovered.

Daring villainy—An attempt was made by two men, last Tuesday night, to rob the store of Mr. Gorham in Montgomery. Orange County. Mr. G. who slept in the store, overheard them, placed himself with a scythe near the window where they were effecting their entrance. One of them got partly through the window when Mr. G. struck him. The villain instantly retreated, and uttered a threat intimating that they would not rest until some further injury had been done.

On the succeeding night, Mr. Gorham awoke and found his store in flames. He had placed a considerable sum of money where he supposed it would be secure in case no other robbery should be attempted, and was now unable to save it. It is understood that nearly

or quite all the property in the store was lost. From traces of blood which were discovered on the morning after the first attempt, and from a lock of hair which was cut off, it was evident that the villain was wounded on the head or neck.

On the 15th inst. three men in a boat attempting to board the schr. Dispatch, captain Smith, of Richmond, in Hampton roads upset, and two of the men, Abner Howes, of Cape Cod, and Henderson, a pilot were drowned; the other was saved by Captain Smith.

Distressing accident—Last week, Mr. John de Camp, of Troy, was suddenly crushed to death by a large rock falling on him while he was at work at East Camp, in Clermont. He has left a young family to bewail his death and their own loss.

Extract of a Letter from a Lady in Madrid to her brother in Dublin, dated May 5.

"Words cannot describe the horror with which we have been surrounded since the first of this month; the approaching storm was expected; but on the 24, immediately after breakfast, it broke out in the most furious manner. Our friend T. had provided a retreat at his country house, about 3 miles distant, to which we were to remove that very evening, but the storm overtook us, and stopped our journey; the thunder of the artillery announced the beginning of the business, and in a few minutes after the whole male population of the city appeared in arms; wherever a French soldier was discovered he was instantly cut down or shot; six of them were put to death under our windows; the scene was dreadful beyond description; after two or three hours carnage, particularly in our great street called Alcala, a reinforcement of Frenchmen poured into the town, and in their turn became the assailants; our doors were burst open by the defeated populace, and seven or eight of the inhabitants took refuge under the couches, and in different parts of the houses; but the French soldiers killed them, and in my presence they most unmercifully bayoneted those who first entered the room, where I and my children sat shivering with horror. The presence of a young French officer protected us, and he had the humanity to continue with me in the house the entire of this fatal day, to which I certainly owe the lives of myself and children. All night the inhabitants were forced to illuminate their windows, and fifteen dreadful looking fellows took entire possession of the lower part of the house; they soon broke open the cedar, which they plundered, nor could the presence of the friendly officer I have mentioned, prevent them. The following morning was indeed a scene of horror. Almost every person that passed through the streets was stained with blood, and the dead bodies lay in heaps; it was reported, and I believe with some truth, that Murat, the French general, intended to erect some works outside the town to batter it to the ground, in revenge for the lives of his soldiers. This, however, he abandoned. The next day, when the tumult had a little subsided; T. and I got some articles of plate, and the books of the house, and through the intercession of our French friend, were suffered to remove to his residence at Ombro, where we now are with the children."

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening 21st inst by the Rev Mr John Townley Mr Jacob Everson, to Mrs Rachel Burgh both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev Dr Livingston, Mr Luther Whittimore, of Chatham, (Con) to Miss Sally Brown, of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 13th inst, by the Rev Samuel Van Valen, Mr. Henry Powles, of Tappan, to Miss Jane Naugie, of Gloster.

At Westchester, on the 17th instant, by the Rev Mr Wilkins, Dr Romayne, to Miss Watts, daughter of Robert Watts, Esq.

DIED,

On Saturday afternoon last, after a painful and lingering illness, much regretted by his numerous relation and friends, Mr Thomas Ten Eyck, Esq aged 65 years.

On Saturday morning, Miss Gulielma Templeton, aged 18 years.

On Wednesday Mrs Helen Masterton, widow of the late Henry Masterton, Esq.

At New Windsor on Friday, the 19th inst of a Consumption, Mr James Adams, in the 20th year of his age. Formerly Printer of this city.

At Ballstown Springs the 14th inst of the dropsey, Mr Augustus Smith, merchant, of the island of St Thomas, aged 38 years.

At Philadelphia, Mr Thomas Munns, merchant.

At Stamford, Connecticut, on Saturday the 20th inst Mr Henry Rogers, aged 35 years.

On Monday the 25th July, at Mr Fink's near Goshen, Orange county, Mr Archibald Smith of this city.

AN HISTORICAL COMPEND,

CONTAINING

A brief survey of the great line of History, from the earliest times to the present day, together with a general view of the present state of the World, with respect to civilization, religion, and government, and a brief dissertation on the importance of historical knowledge, in two volumes, by Samuel Whelpley, A M Principal of the Morris Academy. For sale by C. Harrison, 3 Pack slip.

WANTED,

A WOMAN, who can come well recommended, to do the House-work of a small family at Greenwich. Apply at this Office.

NOTICE—A moderate price will be given for **SECOND HAND NOVELS, ROMANCES, &c** at 178 William street. Application to be made only from 12 to 2 o'clock, and from five till 8 P M. August 27 21

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A Young Man, about 15 or 16 years of age, who is partly acquainted with the Printing Business, to work at that trade in a healthy and pleasant country town, about 30 miles from New-York, where he will have an opportunity of improving himself both in book and newspaper work, he will be engaged either in the capacity of an apprentice or at such wages as upon trial he shall be found to be entitled to. During the present relaxed state of the Printing Business in the city, and particularly at this season of the year, this above may be found a very advantageous offer.

Any person proposed to accept of it, who is perfectly his own master, to not under any indenture, will please to apply for further particulars, at this Office.

August 13

1017 if

NEW NOVELS &

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

THE DISCARDED SON;
OR, THE HAUNT OF THE BANDITTE

A Tale in 2 vols.

By Regini Maria Roche.

ALSO.

M MOINS OF THE LIFE OF

CAPT. NATHANIEL FANNING,

AN AMERICAN NAVY OFFICER,

Who served during the American revolution under

the command of

COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES, ESQ.

COURT OF APOLLO,

THE VEIL,—A SONNET.

Though to hide a sweet face,
With a curtain of lace,
Makes ogles of fashion to rail;
Though our Fair would shine bright
Midst a full blaze of light,
My lines I'll devote to the Veil.

Master Cupid we know,
When he aims a sure blow,
With enchantments of face will assail;
Yet his Godship knows too,
How intense men pursue,
Ev'ry Venus that's deck'd with a Veil.

For the peace of mankind,
It is both right and kind,
Some fair ones their charms should conceal;
Since a pair of bright eyes,
Will, in spite of disguise,
Inflict a deep wound through a Veil.

Now if one roguish beam
From an eye can inflame,
And to do execution not fail,
What destruction of hearts
Would be found in all parts,
Did Beauty relinquish her Veil!

THE POWER OF GOLD.

ANACREON, ODE XLVI.

Love's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love is painful too—
But, alas! the greatest pain
Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avail's ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curst
Who the sleeping mischief first
Wak'd to life, and, vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.

Gold creates 'mong brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars.
Murder, massacres, and wars.
But the worst effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

SHIRTS AND SHIRTS.

AN EPIGRAM.

Old Musty had married a modish young
Who calling one holiday morn for her
Why how now, quoth Musty, what say you, quoth he,
What, do you wear a shirt, Moll?—Be sure, Sir,
quoth she,

All women wear shirts.—Nay, quoth he, then I trow,
What has long been a riddle, is plain enough now;
For when women wear shirts, it can lack no great
gifts

To discern why their husbands are put to their shifts.

DR. ROBERTS, No. 5 Oliver street, New-York
will engage to cure all disorders that are curable, with-
out forcing the sick to take one grain of Mercury, if
they follow his rules; and if a doubt arise in his breast
that he is not able to perform a cure without the help
of Mercury, he will let his patient know beforehand,
that they may act as they think proper. Beware of
Mercury, it destroys 1000 lives annually by sea and
land. Attendance from 12 to 2, and from 6 to 10 o'-
clock.

THE MORALIST

RELIGION.

Religion brightens in the shade of retirement. The
hurry of business, and the rude scenes of mirth drown
the whispers of conscience, and quench the vital
spark of religion. The Christian will often retire
to converse with his God. There he enjoys his sweet-
est moments, there he tastes the pleasures which it is
not in the power of earthly objects to afford. When
he withdraws from noise and disturbance, when he
meditates at leisure on these great truths, which have
never been seriously enough considered, it is almost
impossible that he should not be affected with them.
Intercourse with the world cools our affections for
religion, and darkens the hopes of future enjoyment,
in the same proportion that it increases our attach-
ment to the present.—If we would breathe a purer
air, we must shun the noxious vapours of vice, we
must flee from it, as more dangerous than the plague
or pestilence. Ye friends of humanity! when ye be-
hold the greater part of mankind eagerly pursuing
the fleeting vanities of time, and forgetting the joys
of immortality, then retire and heave a sigh for
human depravity;—but retire not in vain. Resolve
to quit your follies and immerse not again in sinful
pleasures.

All the moments of our lives are counted. Let
us employ them well or ill, we shall not increase
their number—it is fixed and lessens continually. Is
then our treasure on earth? It will vanish in the hour
of distress. Is it in heaven? It will increase in
value through a boundless eternity.

Youth and beauty may fall before the corroding
hand of time, like the tender flower before the
cilling blasts of autumn. The brightest morning
may soon be overcast with clouds; and storms of
adversity may drive us far from the smiles and
caresses of our friends: happy beyond expression,
if in these moments religion be our guide. This
will smooth the furrowed front of age, and blunt
the barbed arrows of death. This will brighten our
hopes when all other enjoyments are fled, when
gentry ceases to please, and mirth can no longer
delight.

JEWELRY,

N. No. 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and
customers, that he has removed from the Park to No
200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of
their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and
his attention to his business will fully meet with their
approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of
the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast
pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl,
plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair work-
ed necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains,
watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver
tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and
ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of ar-
ticles appropriate to his line of business, which are
too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as
prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which
are of his own manufactory, to be equal to any

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted,
light, by C ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

TAMBOURED and SEWED LENO and
MULL-MULL LONG SHAWLS, for sale by
MRS. TODD No 92 Liberty street
July 2 1811

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS
at this office.

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF
TORTOISE SHELL COMBS
TO BE SOLD BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or-
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies
plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



SHELL
COMBS

Smith's purified Chymical Cos-
metic Wash Ball far superior to
any other for softening beautifying
and preserving the skin from chaf-
ing, with an agreeable perfume
4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches
for travelling, that holds all the
shaving apparatus complete in a
small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling
bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-
ter shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the
hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey
4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Sacronette Royal Paste for washing the
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s pe-
not, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the
teeth and gums warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Also
powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the Lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chym-
ical principles to help the operation of shaving 5s
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton
Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

The Best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1808

DURABLE INK.

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
Which nothing will discharge without destroying
the Linen, for sale at this office.

THE PARTNERSHIP of SMITH & CONK-
LING, dissolved on the 1st May. All accounts
will be settled by either of the subscribers.

Z. SMITH,
Brooklyn, June 6 T. W. CONKLING

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON,

NO. PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAVABLE HALF IN ADVANCE